

THE  
**Mirror of the Stage;**  
OR,  
**NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.**

“ To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;  
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;  
And the very age and body o' the times its form and pressure. ”

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No. 4.] MONDAY, SEPT. 23d, 1822. [Vol. I.

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**MEMOIR OF MISS PATON.**

It has often been observed that few of those persons, who evince extraordinary precocity of genius, realize at a maturer age, the hopes of excellence, they had created in their youth.

Most of our readers doubtless remember the sensation produced some years ago, by the appearance of the Young Roscius. That, as a boy of fifteen, he displayed most extraordinary powers of elocution, and some pretensions to taste; few will attempt to deny; but what will posterity think when they read, that the *refined* judgment of a British public in the eighteenth century, preferred the vamping of a child, to the grandeur of a Siddons, and the majesty of a Kemble! can they refrain from exclaiming in the language of the Poet,

“ Oh! judgment, thou wert fled to brutish beasts,

“ For men had lost their reason. ”

and as a proof of our assertion, look at the same individual now—can any one believe that Mr. Betty is the being who astonished them as a Boy?—where is that talent, judgment, taste and feeling now?—what, all gone?—all lost?—yes, faith,

“ All, all at one fell swoop. ”

But as it is the farthest from our intention to disturb the ashes of the peaceful dead, we shall proceed at once to “ metal more attractive ”—the pleasing labour of describing living excellence.

No. 4.

Miss Paton is one of these rare and extraordinary examples of the early shoots of genius, blossoming into excellence—and for this she is chiefly indebted to the judicious conduct of her father, who, uninfluenced by the applause bestowed by the million upon his daughter, as an infant, most wisely withdrew her from public life, until her judgment was matured and her taste confirmed.

But to our task—the subject of our Memoir is a native of Edinburgh, and was born in the year 1802—her father is a gentleman highly celebrated for his classical knowledge, and was at the birth of our heroine the respected proprietor of a mathematical seminary—we have heard much of the extraordinary musical knowledge Miss Paton displayed while but an infant, yet much as we respect the source from which we derived our information, we will not fatigue our readers by a repetition of the many stories in circulation, relative to Miss Paton's early indications of vocal proficiency—it is enough for our limited space to notice briefly her progress in public estimation.

In the year 1810, our heroine, under the distinguished patronage of the Duchess of Buccleugh, was induced to give six public concerts in the city of Edinburgh; at which Miss P. played several pieces on the piano forte and harp—and also recited Collins's Ode on the Passions, with various other admired pieces—the talent she then displayed was so remarkable for her age, that her concerts were crowded on every evening of performance.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Paton left the Scotch metropolis, and came to reside wholly in London; here Miss P. having a wider field for the exercise of her talents, became a great favorite with the musical world, and sang at several of the Nobility's concerts with great applause—it was at this time that her father, as we have before mentioned—withdrawn her from public life, and she lived secluded from the world for we believe six years.

By this judicious arrangement she was enabled to study under the best masters, and cultivate those talents which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon her—and much as the Public had cause to lament this temporary absence, yet the first time Miss Paton had an opportunity of appearing before them, her improvement was so manifest, as convinced them that the period had been actively employed in study.

The time we are speaking of was during the year 1820, when Miss Paton sang at several concerts at Bath, and divided the applause of the audience with that musical phenomena, Catalani—finding however that concert singing produced only applause, without adequate compensation, she entered into an engagement with the proprietors of the Hay Market theatre, and made her début on those boards on the third of August last, in the character of Susannah, in the *Marriage of Figaro*.

In this character she completely realized the expectations that had been formed of her, singing the delightful airs of Mozart with delicacy and effect, and in her acting evinced considerable naiveté—in the last scene, where she excites the jealousy of Figaro, by making him believe she is intriguing with his master, Count Almaviva—she received the unanimous applause of as brilliant an audience as we ever recollect to have seen within the walls of a theatre.

After playing Susannah for several nights, with increased applause, she appeared as “*Rosina*,” in the “*Barber of Seville*”—in this opera she had several opportunities of convincing the public, that it was not in one stile of singing only that she excelled—her execution of that beautiful ballad “*an old man came a wooing*” was in the highest degree excellent—and we say this with the full remembrance of the merits of Mrs. Dickons and Miss M. Tree, in this opera.

The third and last character she has played, is that of “*Lydia*,” in Dibdin’s new opera of “*Morning, Noon and Night* : ” altho’ this is a part infinitely beneath her talents, yet she contrived to throw into it considerable interest, and we hesitate not to say, that it is to her delightful performance of this character, that the success of the opera is mainly attributable—the delicacy and feeling with which she sang the air of “*Mary of Castle Cary*” unaccompanied by the orchestre, can never be surpassed by any singer of the present day.

We shall now take our leave of this lady, who, if report speaks truly, we shall have frequent opportunities of seeing at Covent Garden, where she is engaged to fill the place of Miss Stephens, who has left that theatre for Drury Lane—much as we shall regret the latter singer’s secession from those boards

where she first gained her popularity, yet we are sure the public will rejoice to find the proprietors of Covent Garden have engaged so able a substitute as Miss Paton.

H.



### Literary Notices.

*Theatrical Portraits, with other Poems, by Harry Stoe Van Dyk.*  
London: Miller, Fleet-street. 12mo. pp. 151.

THE forcible and descriptive manner in which the character of the following important actor is given, we readily submit at whole length, satisfied that it will meet with a similar concurrence of feeling with our own, in behalf of the ability and general style of

#### MR. MACREADY.

“THERE is a shrine, bedew’d with many a tear,  
To lovers blissful, and to friendship dear,  
Where art expires—where evil passions sleep,  
And hearts of grief, in silence, love to weep:  
A stream of living flame around it plays,  
And Genius oft-times gilds it with his rays:  
Whilst heav’nly Pity, like th’ encircling vine,  
Clings gently round, and breathes along the shrine,—  
The shrine of Feeling—and her vot’ry thou,  
Before whose pow’r the sternest hearts must bow,  
Whose force and judgment, eloquence, and truth,  
Give fire to age, and virtuous zeal to youth.  
Thy mountains, Scotia, soaring to the skies,  
Once held a race train’d up to enterprize.  
Their chief, *Rob Roy*—the boldest of the clan,  
Who dar’d assert the privilege of man;  
Who, when his country was by force oppress’d,  
Burn’d with desire to see her wrongs redress’d,  
Who held th’ oppressor’s cruel laws at nought,  
Nor lost the liberty for which he fought.  
*Rob Roy* still lives—his ardour to be free—  
His life—his soul—his spirit—are in thee.  
Mighty Conception;—with thy giant aid,  
A form sublime is moulded from a shade—  
Thou can’st supply the vacancies of skill,  
Embody “airy nothings” at thy will,  
Give to dull beings, forms of life and light,  
And put false taste, and sophistry to flight.

Then hail, MACREADY! for, in thee, we find  
 The clear conceptions of a well-stor'd mind:  
 Each darker passion thou can'st well pourtray,  
 Or lead the heart with gentleness away;  
 Like th' Æolian lyre, thy voice can swell,  
 Can loudly burst—or tales of fondness tell;  
 Sweetly, as when upon the golden strings,  
 Some timid dove doth rest her weary wings,  
 Whose flutt'ring wake the sounds—all sounds above,  
 That breathe affection, gratitude, and love.



THE opening lines to the portraiture of Miss O'NEILL, we quote with ready submission, as possessing a degree of warmth and brilliancy about them, that perfectly realizes a conciseness of opinion as to the value.

#### MISS O'NEILL.

"THE tender bud, that droops its modest head,  
 In silent sorrow, o'er its lonely bed,  
 Can gain more int'rest in the feeling breast,  
 Than the gay flow'r which blooms above the rest.  
 There is a sadness in the wither'd leaf,  
 That seems to claim communion with our grief:  
 There is a melancholy round it cast,  
 Which breathes to us of happier days long past;  
 And mutely tells us, "Tho' we bloom to day,  
 To-morrow's wind may sweep that bloom away."  
 'Tis strange, that fancied sorrows can impart  
 A sense of pleasure to the anxious heart:—  
 Yet so it is!—thy *Isabella* draws  
 The sure—tho' silent, pledge of our applause;  
 Not the loud rounds which thunder in our ears,  
 But the mute, eloquent applause of tears;  
 The broken sigh—the rapture half express'd—  
 The anxious heaving of th' attentive breast,  
 These—these are thine, and prove that none can be  
 A friend to feeling, and a foe to THEE.



#### ROYALTY THEATRE.

(Resumed from our last.)

Mr. Palmer having submitted the substance of the Notice, proceeded with his address.

"I have the satisfaction to find, that those three gentlemen are the only enemies to this undertaking: and it will be for

themselves to consider whether they are not, at the same time, opposing the voice of the public.

"For myself, I have embarked my all in this theatre; persuaded, that under the sanction I obtained, it was perfectly legal: in the event of it every thing dear to my family is involved.

"I was determined to strain every nerve to merit your favor; but when I consider the case of other performers, who have been also threatened with prosecutions, I own whatever risk I run myself, I feel too much to risque for them!

"I had promised a benefit play for the use of the London Hospital; and all the performers agreed with me, that one night, at least, should be employed for so useful a purpose.

"We have not performed for hire, gain, or reward; and we hope that the three Managers, with the Magistrate in their interest, will neither deem benevolence a misdemeanor, nor send us for an act of charity, to hard labour in the House of Correction.

"I beg pardon for trespassing thus long upon your patience; circumstanced as things are, and a combination being formed to oppress and ruin me, it is not, at present, in my power to give out another play.

"Under the act of Parliament, which empowers the Magistrates to allow certain performances, I obtained a license; and to whatever purpose of innocent amusement this theatre may be converted, your future patronage will abundantly compensate for every difficulty I have had to encounter.

"Tumblers and Dancing Dogs might appear unmolested before you; but the other performers and myself standing forward to exhibit a moral play, is deemed a crime.

"The purpose however, for which we have this night exerted ourselves, may serve to shew, that a theatre near Wellclose-Square, may be as useful as in Covent-Garden, Drury-Lane, or the Hay-Market.

"All that remains at present, is to return you my most grateful thanks for the indulgence with which you have honored me this night: I forbear to enlarge upon that subject; my heart is too full—I have not words to express my feelings. I shall be ever devoted to your service.

"Until it is announced, that this house shall be again opened with a species of entertainment not subjecting me to danger, I humbly take my leave."

This address produced a letter from Mr. Quick, in which he declared that the only writing that had passed between Mr. Harris and him on the subject, was a letter dated April the 2d: of which the following is an extract.

"———And now for Welleclose-Square Theatre. I am a good deal concerned to perceive you are become a real warm partizan of it; by this time, I suppose you all confess (for it must always have been known) that nothing but an act of Parliament could legalize its opening. Will you, one of the heads of a profession, in itself as liberal as that of law, physic, or any other, degrade, vagabondize, and, as far as you are able, ruin all theatrical property, and in most certain consequence, all its dependants! Such must be our inevitable fate, when unprotected by legal monopoly and Royal and Parliamentary sanction.

"If Mr. Palmer can perform plays, &c. &c., why not Mr. Hughes, Mr. Jones, Mr. Astley, and Sadler's Wells, and Freemason's Hall, &c.? Depend upon it your plan leads to the making an Actor and a Manager, two of the most despicable characters in society. A physician is a most honorable employ, but who more infamous than a mountebank? Your caution to me about being the single ostensible opposer of your scheme, I take exceedingly kind; but you yourself are an instance that I have hitherto not so acted; and you know I have not actively opposed you, nor any one of our company, from agreeing with the proprietors of that place; at the same time I feel it would be disingenuous not to confess to you, that my absolute inactivity arises from conviction, that an attempt so palpably in the face of all legal authority, cannot succeed. You say, "it is talked of from Temple-bar to Woolwich, and is the prevailing topic;" I do not doubt it; but do not let that deceive you—Would not the famous \*\*\* be as much celebrated, if he was boldly to announce to the public, a scheme for erecting new rooms for E. O. and Faro? In such cases there is no trusting

to the supineness or timidity of the parties most interested. And if even no one Magistrate should be enough actuated by duty, to stand forward in support of the law, yet the whole scheme is always at the mercy of any single individual, who thinks himself ill-treated by the property ;—and pray tell me how long such a foundation will carry a theatre ? I have written so much to you because I esteem you, and see you are falling in error—but of this I shall be happy to convince you when we meet—till when, and always,

I am yours,

THO. HARRIS.

[To be concluded in our next ]

### Theatrical Diary.

*Haymarket Theatre*—Sept. 6th. *The Hypocrite*, *Mogul Tale*, *Family Jars*.—7th. *Barber of Seville*, *A Day after the Wedding*, *Family Jars*.—9th. (First Time) *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *Family Jars*.—10th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *X. Y. Z.*—11th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *Match Making*, *Family Jars*.—12th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *Lovers Quarrels*, *Jew and the Doctor*.—13th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *Family Jars*.—14th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *The Liar*.—16th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *Family Jars*.—17th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *X. Y. Z.*—18th. *Morning*, *Noon and Night*, *Intrigue*, *Jew & the Doctor*.—19th. *Intrigue*, *Way to Keep Him*, *Family Jars*.

We are not advocates for the encouragement of so enormous a weight of matter, such a mass of incident, to be thrust into any production bearing the claim to Opera, as is the case of Dibdin's *Morning, Noon, and Night*.—A moderate portion of interest and light materials will have a more preferable chance of success at any time.—If the play-bills had not informed us of a *new Opera*; we should have considered it a tolerable five act play with *occasional* music, for really its operatic denomination is as abstruse as the title, the alliance to either we find somewhat difficult to discover.—To secure some share of musical ability, we certainly had the pleasure of hearing Miss Paton sing three pretty songs, admitting that they were not altogether original; we likewise had a profusion of *smugglers and wreckers* chorusses; Mr. Leoni Lee was with difficulty dragged into the cast, and he sang *once*—therefore we have not the best reasons to be in admiration of the strength of its vocal



department;—we submit to our readers a summary detail of the plot.—The Earl of Avadavat, (Tayleure) prior to his departure for India, agrees with an old friend, Sir Simon Saveall, (Williams) that their offspring, when at the age of maturity, shall be united—the tour of Avadavat has been successful, and he returns to England with the intention of an immediate union of his son, Lord Scribbleton, (Liston) to Lydia, (Miss Paton). Here the opera commences, and we are introduced to Liston as the author of “The Deluded Wife,” and the “Deserted Children,” whose ideas being ever the essence of romance, and in order to have the opportunity of seeing the lady for whom he is intended, without her knowing who he really is, resolves with his valet Baptiste, (W. West) to journey to the house of Sir Simon, as a benighted traveller,—the Earl, aware of his son’s intention, communicates to Sir Simon the scheme, who hastily departs, in order to announce to Lydia the disguise of her Lover; they agree to receive him according to his whim, and desirous of shewing the splendid hospitality of his household, great preparations are made, and they impatiently await his appearance. Lord Scribbleton puts up at an inn, and in consequence of some mistaken fancy, is taken for a highwayman—Captain Sanguine, (Johnson) and his man Patrick, (Lee) are inmates of the same *auberge*, as Scribbleton calls it, and overhearing his romantic ejaculations, consider him a desperate character, and hurry from the spot—Sanguine is travelling to the coast to meet his wife and children—loses his direction, and solicits reception at Sir Simon’s, where he is paid the utmost attention by Sir Simon and his daughter, they supposing it is no other than the singular personage of Lord Scribbleton—Sir Simon and Lydia have previously been made acquainted with his fondness of the produce of his muse, and how repeatedly he converses on his “Deluded Wife” and “Deserted Children;” Sanguine, during his stay, constantly talks of *his* wife and children, which Sir Simon and Lydia humourously reply to, knowing his allusion to the two favorite romances—Lord Scribbleton at length is brought to Sir Simon’s as a notorious highwayman, and lodge! in the cellar of the mansion; and not until the presence of Avadavat, is the mistake elucidated. During these adventures, we have a sort of bye plot, which ensues with Amelia, (Mrs. John-

No. 4. H.

stone) who, with her children are shipwrecked, but by the humanity and perseverance of Shark, (Terry) a reformed smuggler, they are taken care of, after various encounters with ruffians who want to plunder her.—Shark escorts her to Sir Simon's, as a place of safety; here she finds Sanguine, and each party severally enjoy the mirth occasioned by the vagaries and eccentricities of Lord Scribbleton, with whom every thing is speedily adjusted.

Thus is formed Mr. Dibdin's three acts; we are sensible that no man is more capable of dishing up a dramatic feast than himself, when he thinks proper—he has viands for every appetite—ingredients to garnish them suitable for every palate, in short, his *epicurean* taste is so proverbially admired, that when we hear he is about to *cater* for us, we cannot but look for a most sumptuous and costly repast—speaking candidly, we had expected from the excellent cast in the announcement, to have fared much better than we did—there is too much bustle and incident, where less would have done; and probably, more increased the effect.—In the *dramatis personæ*, we have had recent opportunity of speaking more flattering than at present.—Mr. Tayleure had a part inadequate to his talents and wholly foreign to his line—Liston's Lord Scribbleton was not of the kind where he is so apt as in general—he had no bombast, but was a long way from being droll; he maintained a sort of gravity with which we cannot refrain from tittering, tho' not so intended, but who can prevent the risibility of their features, when Liston approaches:—Terry can never act badly; but he should not have been cast as Shark—we could name other persons in the company more calculated and more on a par with the character; Mr. W. West, as Baptiste, was very amusing—he gains on public estimation most rapidly; Mr. Williams and Mr. Lee, are each respectable actors; Mr. Leoni Lee, had nothing more than one solo, and then disappeared among the *Smugglers, Wreckers, &c.*; Miss Paton, as Lydia, was perfection, independant of her delightful execution of the songs alloted to her—she performed admirably—her scottish dialect and manner was chaste and effective—the ballad of “Mary of Castle Carey,” was rapturously encored. The Music of the piece is not decidedly genuine, however there is much credit due to Mr. Perry for the arrangement of composition—he has a good idea, and must ultimately become popular.

**English Opera House.**—Sept. 6th. Fair Gabrielle, Youthful Days of Gil Blas, Gretna Green.—7th. Ibid.—9th. Ibid.—10th. Ibid.—11th. Ibid.—12th. Fair Gabrielle, Gordon the Gypsy, Gretna Green.—13th. Love among the Roses, Gil Blas, Gretna Green, Fair Gabrielle.—14th. Fair Gabrielle, Love's Dream, Gretna Green, Fire and Water.—16th. Gil Blas, Gretna Green, The Vampire.—17th. Fair Gabrielle, Blind Boy, Gretna Green.—18th. Baron de Trenck, Promissory Note.—19th. Love among the Roses, Gil Blas, Amateurs and Actors.

It is with much gratification we perceive the nightly crowded audiences during the last fortnight at this establishment; the pruning system made use of in the opera of Gil Blas, and the additional change of performances in the course of the evening, is doubtless some considerable proof that the representations of three or more operettas, affords more amusement and is received with greater pleasure, than five immensely dull acts in one performance, and succeeded by a melo-drama, although good as was that of Gordon the Gypsy.—Not one of the theatres can surpass the claims of the English Opera to public patronage—it even ought, and will obtain it, while a succession of novelty is produced like that of the present season; notwithstanding the unlucky interference of Gil Blas and his thirty-five years of tedious pastime—there is much commendation due to the proprietor, for his liberality and strenuous exertion to please.



**Surrey Theatre**—Sept. 16th. Angioletta, The Benefit Night, and the Review; or, the Wags of Windsor.

A new Melodrama, under the title of "*Angioletta; or, Grandeur, Love, and Remorse!*" was produced for the first time, at this theatre, on Monday, the 16th instant. It is an importation from Paris, and is the same piece that was performed at Drury Lane last season, under the name of "*Adeline*," with some trifling alterations, and an Episode, copied from the play scene in Hamlet, with this difference only, that in this piece "the cunning of the scene" has an influence over the guiltless instead of the guilty—the seduced, not the seducer. It would be tedious to enter into any explanation of the plot, it is the old story from beginning to end—first we have a pastoral nymph, breathing nothing but virtue and filial duty, and the next minute we find her running away with the first coxcomb

who flatters her vanity—then we are favored with an indignant father and a sobbing mother; the one uttering curses, and the other blubbering pity—then, the aforesaid nymph, disgusted with finery, and sighing to return to “rural fields and shady groves”—in the midst of these comes in the gallant, talks about his ardent affections and his good intentions, lamenting in good set terms the rigor of his sovereign, in desiring him to marry a woman he dislikes—the lady then reproaches her lover, very decorously faints, and while they are all busied in contributing to her comfort, she exchanges her splendid dress for her village gown and gypsey hat, and exits in tears. So much for the two first acts, now for the finale: opening—thunder and lightening and a village wedding, virtuous love rewarded—enter the heroine, in tears and wet to the skin, her hair dishevelled, and “in most admired disorder”—then the injured father, returning from shooting (not the seducer, but partridges and hares); the repentant daughter sues on her knees for pardon; the mother pities, and the father begins to relent, when in comes the seducer—now then, injured honor must be satisfied—the parent levels his gun at the gallant, the daughter throws herself on her lover’s bosom, the father is disarmed, and then it is found that the lover is not so bad as he was thought—he has come to marry the girl—the king has most unaccountably consented—the father joins their hands, blesses them, and down falls the curtain—“thus ends this strange eventful history.” But the acting was really worthy of better materials—a Young Lady, in Angioletta, though she appeared not altogether new to the business of the scene, played her part with great judgment and feeling; her figure and voice are good, and we doubt not, with a little practice she will be a very valuable actress—Burroughs, as the lover, played admirably—the Father, by Bengough, was in his usual style of correct and judicious acting.

The second piece, “The Manager’s Night, or Odd Fish at Margate:”—we trust we shall never see such odd fish again at this theatre—it was altogether unworthy of criticism; after this Mr. Burroughs delivered a very sensible and modest address, which we regret our limits will not allow us to insert. The whole concluded with “The Review:” the Caleb Quotem was a very spirited perfor-

mance;—Bengough, as Looney, would have been better if he had paid greater attention to the brogue;—of H. Kemble's John Lump we shall refrain from saying any thing—we should earnestly recommend this gentleman to keep to the line of acting for which nature seems to have qualified him: in attempting low comedy, he may perhaps lose the popularity he has so deservedly merited. The house was crowded to the very ceiling, and we understand, produced the sum of £400. The theatre re-opens on Monday, the 30th inst.

### AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken by MR. BRUNTON,

*At the Opening of the ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE,*  
Monday, 9th Sept. 1822.

"Beneath the sun," the wisest man, hath said,  
 "No *novelty* exists"—poor man! he's dead—  
 If he but liv'd in our degen'rate age,  
 He'd own, in Senate, Pulpit, Bar, the Stage,  
 Trade, Physic, Arts, whatever we pursue,  
 The universal cry is—"something new!"  
 Hence we've *new* Churches, Law Courts, Statues, Stays,  
*New* Lotions, Potions, Marriage Acts, and Plays.  
 And to obey this call, we trust to-night  
 Some pleasing *novelties* may greet your sight.  
*Old* though the House—these boards, too—this is certain,  
*New* are the Dresses, Manager, Scenes, and *Curtain*.  
*New* also are our hopes, in this *new* cause,  
 That we may meet and merit your applause.  
 For if no tinsel *Pageant* we display;  
 No mimic *Joust*, or long *Procession* gay;  
 No *Champion*, arm'd exactly "cap-a-pie";  
 Aping the freaks of *quondam* Chivalry:  
 No *Combats*, or of sword or battle-axe,  
 Thund'ring on rival shields with hurtless whacks—  
 The *Comic Muse* may here erect her throne,  
 And claim her humble votaries for her own.  
*One* of her favor'd daughters will be found,  
 Who held her train on neighbouring classic ground;  
*Hither* she brings *Thalia's* sportive wiles,  
 And hopes, as *there*, to court and win your smiles,  
 The flower transplanted from its parent bed,  
 On other soil may still its fragrance shed;  
 With tint as vivid deck its *new* parterre,  
 And with luxuriant freshness flourish *there*.

Here too *Terpsichore* shall lead her band,  
 And *Harmony* diffuse its influence bland.  
 And one, who long tost on dramatic seas,  
 The sport alas! of many a shifting breeze,  
 Hath still contriv'd his shatter'd bark to steer,  
 Now furls his sails and drops his anchor *here*—  
 Happy indeed! if, all his dangers past,  
 A friendly harbour he hath found at last.

It has ever been our firm opinion, that this theatre, ably conducted, retaining performers of eminence, and appropriate entertainments, must certainly become one of the first minor establishments of the metropolis. Under the new management of Brunton, and with the attraction as appears to be held out, we have no hesitation in pronouncing that our hitherto manifested opinion will be agreeably verified.

The Interior has undergone some judicious alterations, is fitted up in a neat and comfortable manner; a Drop Curtain upon an entirely nouvelle plan has been added; the Scenery is executed by Artists of well-known talent; a select Band engaged; and among the candidates for public favor, Mr. and Miss Brunton, (*whose name alone is a tower of strength*) Miss Norton, and Mr. Hooper, take the lead.

After the above appropriate Address, a Burletta called *The Widow bewitched*, was presented, and with the excellent cast of the dramatis personæ, it proved highly amusing. *Three Weeks after Marriage* followed, which we awaited with an anticipating pleasure; and an interesting Melodrama concluded the evening's entertainment. Each were announced for repetition amidst incessant applause.

We have not sufficient limit at present to enter into the precise merits of the performers; it shall be our care to present our readers in a future number, with a full survey of the individual talent at this theatre, Mr. Brunton in particular, on whom our observations will afford much comment; and for his daughter—but the following lines may better speak her worth:

"Oh! hail, sweet *Rosalind*!\* with ev'ry grace—  
 Youth in thy person, beauty in thy face!  
 Thou well may'st charm with that bewitching tongue  
 Sorrow from age—and fond hearts from the young;

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\* In "As you like it."

Thy mien is heavenly, and thine eye as bright  
As the first star that decks a summer's night;  
And, O! a smile upon thy cheek reposes  
Sweetly, as Cupid on a bed of roses.  
Fair *Lydia*,<sup>†</sup> still pursue thy bright career,  
Let others rob us of the sigh and tear;  
Whilst thou, more kindly, from the cheek of care  
Shalt banish grief, and place hope's dimple there.

### THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

Mr. Bartley is among the new engagements at Covent Garden Theatre—Messrs. Pearman and T. P. Cooke, are also engaged—Mr. Baker and Miss Paton, are likewise on the list—also Mr. Dowton, Madame Vestris and Miss Kelly.

Mr. Cobham has been performing at the Belfast Theatre, the first line in tragedy—also W. Farren and Hamerton.

Miss Wilson and Mr. Horn returned to town last week: report says Miss W. has netted upwards of £ 4,000. by her tour.

Madame Camporese and Mr. Braham, have been singing in the Oratorios, at Preston Guild.

Messrs. Abbot, Farley, Conner, Grimaldi and Mrs. Harlowe, have been amusing the inhabitants of Cheltenham: the Fortunes of Nigel, Don Juan, and the Miller's Maid, have been the great favorites there.

Decamp has taken the Shrewsbury Theatre.

At Gloucester, the Wonder will be performed this evening, with Monsieur Tonson:—Felix, Mr. Abbot, Violante, Miss Smithson, and Monsieur Tonson, by Farley:—being for the benefit of himself and Abbot.

Mr. Betty is also at the same Theatre, and has played the Earl of Essex, and Tristram Fickle, in the Weathercock.

*Amateur Theatre, Rawstone Street.*—"Castle Spectre." and the "Innkeeper of Abbeville." It is surprising to us, why the candidates for the sock and buskin, do not attempt something more entertaining than tedious and heavy five act pieces: their task would be less difficult, and their endeavours more successful; really we have seen so much slaughtering of *poor Shakespeare*—so many "hot brained Buckingham's,"—so many "young Richmonds," and *Richards "eager for the fray,"* that we heartily hope never to have the ill fortune of again beholding such desperate marauders—we were invited to see the above performance: we are not willing to single out the demerits of the dramatis personæ; the character of Osmond might have been much better—Hassan was very good—Motley, respectable—and the Lady Angela, the prettiest we have seen for some time. The lateness of the hour prevented our staying the afterpiece.

<sup>†</sup> In "The Rivals."

## Original Poetry.

## STANZAS FROM A MS. POEM.

*By the Author of Rhodomaldi.*

"Yes, look at me—look on this blighted cheek,  
 The bloom of health has long gone by:  
 Feel this wounded heart, which to thee disclos'd  
 Many a vow of sincerity;  
 You may press it,—but *feeling* is repos'd  
 For ever:—to recall it were vain and weak.  
 No more I seek for hope; we have parted,  
 And since the burning smile of joy  
 Shed upon me its blessing; worlds of pain  
 Have anxiously sought to destroy  
 Its ev'n fond remembrance:—and then my brain,  
 That throbs,—tells me what I am,—broken hearted!  
 There was something in her voice—sweetly mild,  
 A kind of mellowing cadence,  
 A softness of tone, like zephyrs creeping  
 Thro' brake of twilight radiance,  
 Or murmurs of ocean when faintly sleeping.  
 Whose sounds are plaintive, yet pleasingly wild."

.....

Joy had once lighted those eyes with lustre,  
 The pale rose of summer when blown  
 Was th' tint of her mald'n cheek—its present hue  
 Was hectic,—the rich blush had flown.  
 Not a smile lent its aid—those lips which dew  
 Of heav'n oft had steep'd, were cold—a cluster  
 Too of curls, that once on her forehead play'd,  
 Were seen no more—her fallen hair  
 Hung disorder'd,—She was sad,—yet serene;  
 Oppression with many a care,  
 Gleam'd alas! in her look;—and in her mein  
 'Twas pain to see the wreck;—which love had made.  
 A cell by nature form'd was her retreat,  
 It was shelter'd by larch and pine,  
 And the light wave of the meandering stream  
 Gave vigour to the Jessamine,  
 Which it border'd;—she paus'd—the moonlight beam  
 Fell on her form,—oh! 'twas a form so sweet,  
 That mem'ry can never lose it:—A lyre,  
 Whose silv'ry strings her fingers swept,  
 Seem'd alike to record her anguish:  
 She sung the strain of love—then wept!  
 Yet no tear, i' the eye was seen to languish;  
 Her sorrow was as a vast gleam of fire,  
 Which breaks from the soul lit up with sadness,  
 Mix'd with laughter too; in a strain  
 So hoarse, wild and horrid,—that the strong clay  
 In mortal shape, can scarce contain  
 The full heart that beats within it;—the spray  
 Of affections tide bursts with such madness!







MR. PEARMAN AS THE SERASKIER,  
*in the Siege of Belgrade.*